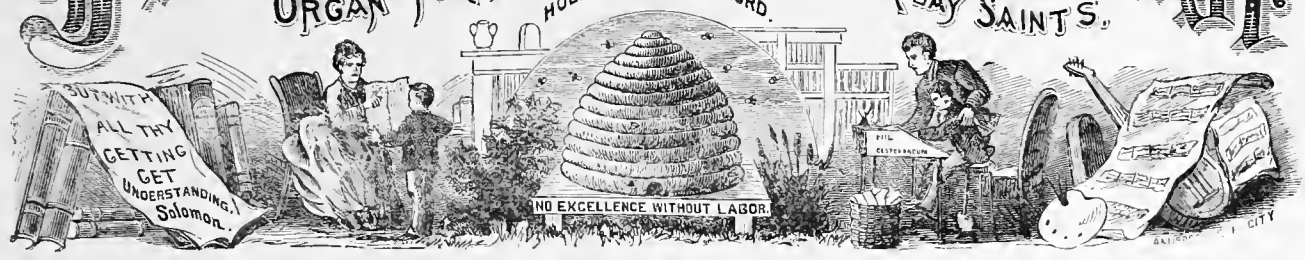
THE

Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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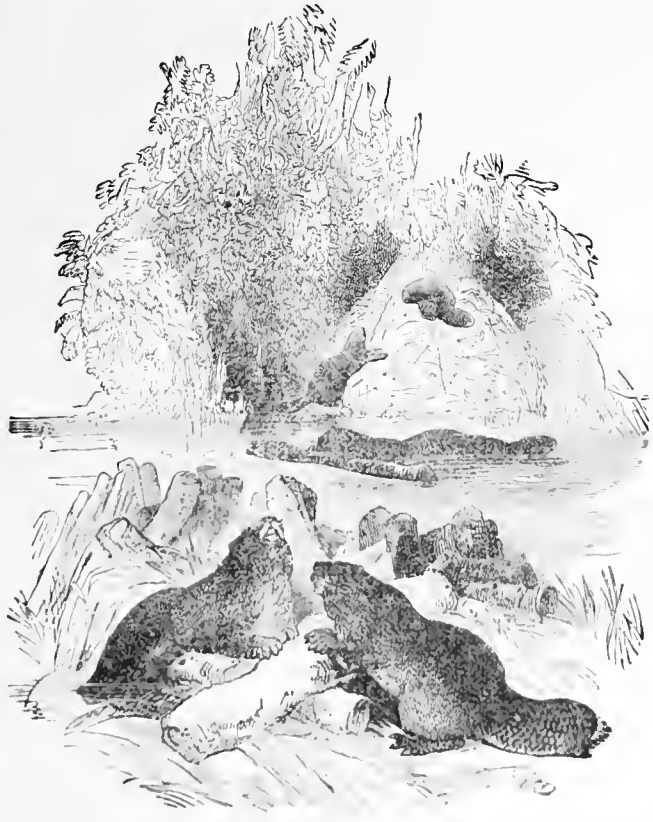
THE BEAVER.

THERE are a great many animals in different parts of the earth that excite our curiosity and, at times, our admiration, because of their industrial and peculiar habits. Among these the beaver may be classed. This animal gives an example of industry, which is unexcelled by any creature of the animal creation that we have ever seen or heard about.

This animal is a native of Europe and Asia as well as of America. As you will see by the engraving, it can move around in the water, and, in fact, its home is invariably made where there is some lake or running stream. It is much sought on account of its fur, which is very valuable, and a peculiar substance called *castoreum* or castor, which was formerly used very much in medicine, but now mostly in the preparation of perfumes. By looking at the cut, you will notice two long white teeth in the mouth of the beaver that is holding up its head. Similar teeth are possessed by all animals of this kind, and it is with these that they gnaw wood for the building of their houses and dams, and also for their food. It is even asserted that trees eighteen inches in diameter have been gnawed through by beavers.



There are five toes on each foot of this animal, those of the front feet being short and disconnected, while those of the back are long and webbed to the nails. The hind feet only are therefore used in swimming. The tail is large and flat, it being about one foot long, five or six inches broad and not quite one inch thick; this member is covered with scales, except at the root, where the hair of the body commences; it is used as a rudder in the water. The valuable fur of the beaver consists of two kinds of hair. The longer hair is comparatively coarse, smooth and glossy, and the short, or undercoat, is soft and silky. The general color is chestnut. The form is thick and clumsy. While in the water, only the head and forepart of the body are seen, and when killed, that part of the body which remains out of the water tastes like the flesh of land animals, and the remainder like that of fish. Trappers frequently eat the flesh of this animal, but to people unaccustomed to the use of the same, it tastes bitter.

Among the peculiarities of the beaver may be mentioned its manner of constructing dams and lodges. When a place has been selected by a colony of these animals where the water is running, they immediately set to work and build a dam of trees, leaves, mud, stones and any other substance which is within reach and effective in checking the flow of water. These dams are always made with wide, substantial bases, gradually inclined sides, and also with convex sides toward the current of the stream, to resist the force of the water. The lodges are constructed of the same kind of material as that which is used in the dam. They are generally erected near the bank of a river and in a circular and oval form. Some of these have been found that are seven feet in diameter and between two and three feet high, with walls that are two feet thick. Some are two and three stories high, others are connected on a level, but between these there is no internal communication. They are made with such solidity that the storms have no effect upon them, and they protect the inhabi

tants from the incursions of beasts of prey. The walls, both inside and outside are so neatly plastered—the material, it is said, being applied with the forepaws and patted with the tail—that it appears as even and neat as if it had been done by man.

One of these lodges is generally occupied by ten or twelve beavers, who make their beds of grass or tender bark around the walls of the same. Although all the members of a colony of beavers are friendly to one another and warn each other on the approach of danger by striking their tails on the water, one family does not permit the members of another family to intrude into its home. Each knows its home and retires there when it desires to do so. The lodges are kept in a very cleanly condition, and instead of eating in them, they retire to holes which they have made in the banks of the stream and there partake of their food. In these holes they also conceal themselves when their houses are destroyed by hunters.

The food eaten by these animals consists of the bark of trees, shrubs, water-lilies, and, in Summer, berries and various kinds of herbage. During the warm weather sufficient food is gathered and stored away in deep water where the frost cannot reach it, to last during the inclement season. Piles of tender branches and leaves have been found, which the beavers have gathered for food, that were twenty-five and thirty feet square and from eight to ten feet deep. One of these was intended to furnish sufficient food for ten beavers during one winter.

In the month of June or July a large number of these animals from a certain district congregate together and commence to build a village-which is sometimes composed of as many as twenty or twenty-five lodges. When a dam is needed they unitedly build it, one party cuts down trees, another carries them to the place desired, while a third company constructs the dam. This being done, they divide into families and commence to build their homes, each beaver performing his part of the labor. Occasionally a male beaver is found living alone, remote from any colony; it is supposed that he has been driven away from the settlement, perhaps for the same reason that bees drive the drones from the hive—because they will not work.

In conclusion we here annex a short article written by a member of Hayden's surveying party, concerning this most interesting animal:

"In almost any stream in the mountainous parts of Wyoming territory you may find more or less beavers and beaver-dams. But Green river and that whole region surpasses any place I know of as a resort for these animals, now so scarce east of the Mississippi. In rocky canyons high up, this creek was forty yards across, nor would it have been much wider in the open valley below had it not been impeded. But for a dozen miles the beavers had so dammed it and choked it with their homes that the water spread out to a mile or more in width, and hundreds of dead or living trees, once far back from the margin, were now standing equally far out in the water. Some of the dams measured one hundred feet or more in length, and were built on a curve, with the 'hollow' of the curve up stream, yet so substantially that they were standing the beating of the freshet with slight damage. All along the bank of the stream the hillside was bare of aspens, and their stumps, cut off close to the ground, showed what had destroyed them. Some of the stumps were of trees ten or twelve inches in diameter, and seventy-five yards from the water, yet there is no doubt but that these rodents had felled those trees, trimmed off the branches, peeled away the bark, and then dragged the log all the way to the water to put into a new dam or repair the old one. Indeed we surprised some of them at work. Most of the dams were shorter than I have mentioned and ran from one to another, so that there was a network of them supporting a growth of willows and each enclosing a little basin of deep still water, in which would rise like an island the domed top of their home. But the houses of many were under the bank and of others beneath the dams, as we could see by the paths to them, which showed plainly through the water. Wherever the willows grew closely to the water's edge for some distance, there would be roads through them at frequent intervals, the stems gnawed off, and the weeds trodden down smooth. 'Busy as a beaver,' acquires a new force when we think how ceaseless he must work to get his daily food, collect winter stores, keep his home in order, repair his dam and guard against enemies. We saw none of the animals themselves. They are rarely seen by anyone, being able to detect your approach by the jar of the ground, if not otherwise, and hide themselves."

HOW PAPER CAR-WHEELS ARE MADE.

THE *Paper World*, in describing the method of manufacturing paper car-wheels, says: "The paper is straw board of rather fine texture. It is received in the ordinary broad sheets, differing in no particular from those used for straw-board boxes or other similar work. These sheets, as they come from the paper mill, are square, and must, first of all, be cut to a circular pattern. This is rapidly done on a large table with a knife that is guided by a radial arm that swings freely over the surface of the table from a pivot at the center. A small disk is also cut from the center of the sheet to allow for the iron hub. Being thus reduced to the required shape and dimensions, the paper must now be converted from a mass of loose sheets into a compact, dense body, capable of withstanding the tremendous crushing force to which it will be subjected in the wheels. This is accomplished in the following manner: ten sheets are pasted together, one upon another, making a disk of about one-eighth of an inch thick. When enough of these disks have been prepared to fill a powerful hydraulic press, they are subjected to a pressure of 1,800 pounds to the square inch. When removed, the disks are hung on poles in a steam-heated loft and left six days to dry. Thicker disks are then made, each formed by pasting together two or three of those already finished. These are pressed and dried as before, and the process is repeated until a block is built four inches thick and of about the specific gravity of lignum vitæ. After each pasting and pressing, six days are allowed for drying, and when the block is complete it is left in a drying room until thoroughly seasoned. The next operation is that of turning the paper blocks to fit the steel tires and iron hubs. This is done in lathes with as much accuracy, and in exactly the same manner as if the material worked on was iron or wood. The circumference is turned to a perfect circle of the precise diameter required, a bed or recess is worked out for the web of the tire to rest in and the surfaces are left hard and smooth and the edges sharply defined. The block is then painted and is ready for its place in the wheel."

Chapter for the Little Ones.

COAL.

No doubt all of our little readers have seen and handled coal. You also know some of the uses to which it is put. But did you ever ask any person where and how it is obtained? You have perhaps never heard of the danger there is attending those who work in mines where this useful article is found.

Coal exists in layers beneath the surface of the ground. It is said to be formed from wood and vegetable remains which undergo a certain

change. Some pieces of coal look a great deal like wood, excepting in the color. This valuable article is found in different parts of the globe, and were it not for the large coal beds of England, that country would not be as wealthy as it now is. There, many million tons of coal are burned every year in the great manufactories; and if they only had wood to burn, their forests would soon be used up.

In order to get the coal out of the ground, deep holes are dug into which the miners go and loosen the coal. It is then placed in buckets or boxes, and, by means of machinery made for the purpose, is raised to the surface of the ground. As the coal is taken out, timbers are generally placed in the mine to keep the ground from caving in on the workmen. But sometimes these timbers become rotten, or in case of fire are burned, when the earth falls and buries, in many instances, those who are working below. In the picture we see some laborers running away from the broken timbers and falling earth. How frightened they look, and well they may, for if once covered by the huge mass of earth above them, their death is almost certain!

In England many of the Saints work in the coal mines. On one occasion, some years ago, a brother was in one of these mines when a cave occurred in which he was crushed to the ground. As he was uncovered, it seemed as though every bone in his body was broken. The doctors said he could not live longer than a few minutes. But one of the Elders of this Church, who had great faith in God came along, and after anointing the injured brother with oil, administered to him. As he did so, the broken bones came together with a cracking noise and he was made sound and well. Thus was the power of the Lord shown when the skill of man had failed.

Explosions occasionally occur in the coal-beds caused by what is called fire-damp. This substance is a kind of gas which has neither taste, smell nor color, and when set on fire, burns with a pale, white flame. When a great quantity of fire-damp gathers in one place and then comes in contact with fire it explodes, and often causes great loss of life.

These are, some of the dangers, children, to which those brave men are exposed who obtain the coal for us to burn, from the bowels of the earth.

MY CHOICE.

The boy that's brave, and good, and true,
What e'er his lot in life may be;
Who does the best that he can do,
Is just the sort of boy for me.

The girl with kind and helpful heart,
That's bright and busy as a bee,
Who heals, but never makes a smart,
Is just the kind of girl for me.

For, boys and girls, within you lies,
By many a little act and word,
The power to check the rising sighs
Which thoughts for you perhaps have stirr'd.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PLAINS.

IN the days when the Saints were compelled to travel across the plains with hand-carts and ox-teams, many interesting incidents occurred, some of which are worthy of remembrance because of the lessons they teach. We will relate one of these in which a man came very near losing his life through disobedience to the command of the person whom the servants of God had chosen to lead the company.

It was customary in those days for quite a number of Saints to travel together for mutual protection, in case of an attack from Indians some of whom were at that time not very friendly, and also for mutual aid in other ways. That order might prevail in the camp, a captain was always selected by the authorities in Utah or at the outfitting place in the East, to take charge of the emigrants.

It happened, in the year 1859, that Edward Stevenson was appointed captain of an ox-team company to travel from the states to these valleys. As they were about to start on the journey, the captain called the emigrants together, and, among other instructions, told them not to separate themselves from the company on any conditions except by special order. For several days these instructions were carefully observed, but as the company arrived in the Wood River country where the buffalo were seen, it was hard to resist the temptation of following some of them up for the purpose of killing them.

Finally, two men named Rogers, father and son, who had emigrated from the Cape of Good Hope where they had been engaged by the British government in carrying the mails through the mountains, got on a trail of a large buffalo and succeeded in killing and skinning him. But in the excitement of the chase they had forgotten how far they were going from the camp, and on looking around when they came to a halt, their friends were nowhere to be seen. They quickly realized their position, and it was agreed that the father should remain and take care of the dead buffalo while the son should go to camp for assistance to carry it.

The son retraced his steps as speedily as possible, and arrived in camp almost out of breath, where he told of his success in hunting. The captain was not pleased at the disobedience of these men in leaving the company, for he knew that there was always danger of an attack from the Indians; but as one man was behind, it was decided that several men should return with the son and bring in the dead animal.

This had all occurred early in the morning. About eleven o'clock a. m. the company halted for rest and food. At twelve the party that had been appointed to get the dead buffalo returned to camp, and young Rogers, going up to the captain, asked if his father had not returned. "No," said the captain, "he has not been seen. Did you not find him where you left him?" "No," was the reply. The son then explained that on arriving where the dead animal was, they found that a nice piece of meat had been cut from the same and the hide was then thrown over it.

Rogers now felt confident that his father had been killed by the Indians, for he thought it impossible that an old mountaineer like his father should get lost. But the captain was of the opinion that the old man had wandered away. A party of men was therefore organized to return and search the country for the missing man, while the company waited for them. As it was getting dusk the party returned, but with no tidings of old man Rogers, notwithstanding that the men had fired their guns in order to attract his attention should he be near.

It was decided to suspend operations for the night, as it would be useless to attempt a search in the dark. The people had eaten, prepared their beds and had just finished saying their prayers, when a shout was heard, and the old man came, footsore and weary, into camp. Going direct to the captain he exclaimed, "Oh captain, if you will forgive me this time I will never disobey counsel again." He then told about his tiresome tramp, during which he was at times so weary with fatigue and anxiety as to be almost unable to stand. "At one time," he said, "I was lying in a hollow taking a few minutes rest, when suddenly a large buffalo appeared on the hillock above me, and looked at me so fiercely with his large, glassy eyes, that I became afraid. It was then," "that I heartily wished I had obeyed your instructions."

It is needless to add that the Saints were pleased at the return of the truant, and during the rest of the journey a more obedient man than the old mountaineer Rogers, could not be found in the company.

OUR RIGHTS.

BY LYCURGUS.

IT has not been long since the quiet of our peaceful vales was disturbed by the preparations for an extraordinary election. The excitement is now over, yet the cause has not been removed; and the news from Congress again puts us in mind that there is a struggle still before us, not only to maintain our religious liberty, but for the rights of all mankind.

Almost ever since the world was made, ambitious men have sought by every means to gain power over their fellow-men. There has been a constant struggle between the tryant and people, until it has come to be a common saying that, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

In the early days of Greece, her citizens conceived the idea of electing their rulers. For a time they succeeded in doing this, but corruption and civil dissension at last brought the downfall of their nation. Next came republican Rome, proclaiming that a Roman was greater than a king. Her citizens were sovereigns. But the story of Greece was told over again, and the cause of liberty was abandoned.

Self-government by the people was thought to be impossible; until, by the care of Providence, the fire of human liberty was rekindled in our own fair land. For the last century its proud, joyous flames has proclaimed to the world that here again is freedom. Those noble men who fought for our independence, contended as well for the principles of universal justice. By the inspiration of the Lord they gave to us the Constitution of the United States. It is their legacy to all the world. Under it, every man is guaranteed the protection of life, liberty and the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. To keep these principles inviolate, is a duty we owe to the whole world; yet, in the face of all history and this deep obligation, our countrymen ask us to forego our rights, and demand that we give up that most sacred privilege, religious liberty. What have they to give us in exchange? Their friendship, forsooth! Are we thus to barter away that which cost so much? Shall we sanction such measures by giving them our support, and consent for our constitution to be trampled in

the dust? *No we will not.* And if the word were given, "All Israel would say, Amen;" we should make these valleys ring, till the grand old mountains would join us in the shout.

Our rights may be taken away from us, but we shall never cease to revere the principles contained in the Constitution. By doing so we would prove ourselves traitors to our countrymen and to all mankind. We would betray the trust vouchsafed to us by our fathers and our God. Such a proposition can never receive our consideration, and we are ashamed that our country is so lost to honor as to be willing to sacrifice the principles of human liberty upon the altar of prejudice.

We ask for a review, feeling certain that sober thought will not fail to dictate in favor of religious liberty. Truth must prevail.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

BY H. E.

WHILE laboring as a missionary among the Creek Indians in the Indian Territory, I made it a practice to inquire for those who had some knowledge of the English language. This was especially necessary in the beginning of my labors, before I became acquainted with their language.

Some time during the month of January, 1856, I heard of a town chief by the name of Jack Randall, who was pretty well advanced in years, and well respected by his people. I was told, however, that he was not a religious man; that he invariably declined to associate himself with any of the leading sects, then doing quite a work among the Creek Indians, and that it would be useless for me to undertake to teach him our principles. I went, however, and found him somewhat unwell, reclining on his bed. I told him my business and asked permission to communicate to him some of the principles of our religion. He signified that he was willing to listen, and I proceeded to lay before him, in as simple language as I could, some of the leading doctrines of our faith.

He listened with marked attention, and while I was speaking his eyes sparkled with delight, and he seemed to receive my message with great satisfaction.

I stayed with him over night and on parting the next morning he asked me to call again at my convenience. The following Summer I returned to that part of the territory, and gave him another call.

It was in the evening when I reached his house, and I found him and his wife engaged in his garden, hoeing potatoes. He requested me to go into the house, stating that he would be there himself soon.

As soon as he reached the house, his first words were: "I want you to baptize me."

I was quite surprised, and told him that I would attend to the ordinance in the morning, as it was then sundown, and the nearest place to water was about two miles distant.

He responded, however, "I do not want to wait until morning, I might be dead then."

Seeing his faith, I gladly attended to the holy ordinance that night.

This chief subsequently related to me the following:

"Many years ago I had a vision of a young man who came to me with a message of the gospel, declaring to me in great plainness many glorious principles, all of which I fully believed and have cherished ever since. When the Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists came with their different creeds and earnestly sought my conversion, I found that their doctrines differed so materially from the teachings I had received from the young man in the vision that I could not be persuaded by any of them to join their churches. But finally, when the gospel in its fullness reached me through the instrumentality of a young man, I recognized at once the teachings received in the vision, and consequently so quickly resolved to be baptized."

Brother Randall brought quite a number into the Church, was ordained an Elder and became president of a branch.

It was at his house that a conference of the branch of the Church in the Creek nation was held on the 6th of April, 1857, at which time we were favored with the presence of the late Apostle Parley P. Pratt. It was the last conference he attended in the flesh. He appeared to be much depressed in spirit, and evidently had forebodings of his approaching end.

Brother Randall proved himself faithful to the end of his days; but after laboring about two years for the cause of Christ, he was gathered home with his fathers to continue his labors in the spirit world.

I take pleasure in stating that I have officiated for him in the temple at St. George, and trust that he has received the benefit of my labors in his behalf.

After his death quite a number of those whom he had brought into the Church became cold, and returned to their old habits and traditions.

DISRAELI'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

WHEN he (O'Connell) sat down, Disraeli rose. His costume was so unusual that even this attracted all eyes: a green coat, a waistcoat covered with gold chains, a black tie without a collar. His personal appearance was usually un-English: a face pale as death, coal-black eyes, and long black hair in curls. People had heard of him as a charlatan, and before he opened his lips they were disposed to ridicule and laughter. He began—"I hope—I will even venture to believe—that the House will deign to extend to me that generous indulgence rarely refused to one who solicits their attention for the first time, and for which I can say, without the slightest affectation, that I have already had sufficient experience of the critical spirit which pervades this assembly, to feel that I stand much in need of it." The introduction, even, was not successful. Here, for the first time, there were mocking cries of "Hear, hear." He continued: "The hon. and learned member for Dublin has taunted the hon. bart., (the member for North Wilts), with having made a long, rambling, feeble, wandering, jumbling speech. I can assure the hon. and learned gentleman that I have paid the utmost attention to the remarks which have fallen from him, and I must say, without intending to make any reflections upon the hon. bart. by any invidious comparison, it seems that the hon. and learned member has taken a hint of the style and manner from the hon. bart. in the oration which he has just addressed to the House, for it appears to me that there was scarcely a subject connected with Ireland that could possibly engage the attention of Parliament, that he has not introduced in his oratorical rhetoric."

Renewed and louder laughter followed. This dandified upstart then, of ambiguous antecedents, wanted, in the very first word he stammered out, to pick a quarrel with the Irish national hero, who, with his herculean frame, and his hat over one ear, was sitting opposite to his oppouent, and, with the broadest laughter, was looking straight into his face. From this moment all the Irish Brigade in the House, constituting O'Connell's not over well-behaved body-guard, resolved to leave no method untried of putting the speaker out of countenance—hissing, whistling, laughing, crowing, loud talking, stamping, etc. Disraeli went on. When the tumult seemed the wildest he said:

"I wish I really could induce the House to give me five minutes more"—and at the same moment was interrupted by such roars of laughter that he was obliged to pause for a few moments; but he took up the thread again, without losing his self-command. He had, unfortunately, made a mistake: he had described himself as the representative of the younger members of the House; and now said, after the peals of laughter which followed: "Then why laugh; why not let me enjoy this distinction, at least for one night?"

The laughter became so loud and so general, that he was obliged to pause again. He continued. He pointed out that Whigs, who had threatened to gain an overwhelming majority at the new election, had lost in numbers; that the Tory party, which they had said was dead and buried so deep that there was no danger of its resurrection, had now raised its head as boldly as ever—when the interruptions again overpowered him. "If hon. members think it is fair to interrupt me, I will submit. I would not act so towards anyone; that is all I can say —(laughter). Nothing is so easy as to laugh." He continued; and in a different tone, with bold metaphor and cutting sarcasm, about a Whig minister and a Whig member, whom he characterised respectively as "the Tityrus of the Treasury bench," and "the learned Daphne of Liskeard." He reproached the minister with wishing to free Ireland in order to enslave England; that "standing secure on the pedestal of power he may wield in one hand the keys of St. Peter and—"

He could get no further. So loud and incessant were the noise and laughter around him that it was impossible to finish the sentence. Every time he tried there was a storm of bellowing noise, and cries from every bench and corner of the House, and some faces glared at him distorted with scornful laughter. At last he lost the self-possession which he had, hitherto, so remarkably retained, and, looking straight into the faces of some of his jeering opponents—according to the testimony of an eye-witness—he lifted up his hands and said, with an unusually loud and almost terrific voice, "I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception I have met with—(continued laughter). I have begun several times many things—(laughter) —and have succeeded at last—(question). Aye, sir, I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

He sat down, and the waves of ridicule closed over him. Only a week after this fiasco Disraeli spoke the second time on a subject connected with literature, the rights of authors and publishers, concisely, clearly and without interruption. A few months later he spoke again, shortly, simply and with the same result. By degrees, and by his persistent firmness, he gained a hearing. He spoke on questions of minor importance, always as accurately and concisely as possible, never laid himself open to attack, and threw down no challenges. This went on for a year. In 1839 he began to change his tactics. He spoke on the most important measures, made long speeches, spoke often, and often provoked reply, but no one laughed. The House had grown accustomed to his appearance, and perceived that he was not to be put down by inarticulate brutality.—*Brandes.*

TO A SNOW BIRD.

BY J. C.

Brave little harbinger!
Prompt when the storm is near,
Hard seems thy lot in the cold winter's snow;
Why, creature, strange and sweet,
Choose this chill, lone retreat,
When other birds to the covert must go?

'Tis not that thou must stay,
'Mid the drift's blinding spray;
Where other birds shield, there's shelter for thee.
What stroke of will or fate,
Urged thee here to wait
While the fast snow-flakes wreathe hamlet and tree?

Was it some pow'r divine,
Willed thee this freak of thine,
That thou shouldst frisk in the soft, downy snow,
So as to prove to all
How e'en a thing so small,
Braves life's misfortune and weathers its woe?

Or was it meant that we
Contrast ourselves with thee—
We housed, with bounties, and kind friends to cheer—
Thou with gaunt hunger pressed,
Storm-tossed thy aching breast,
No ear, save heaven's, thy sorrows to hear?

Guest of the drift and snow,
Thou'rt not alone below,
In that thou differ'st from those of thy kind:
E'en so with man it is,
Each has some whims to please;
Freaks that the wisest have never defined.

Ere we have done, sweet bird
Here let me pledge my word,
Oft have I pitied thee out in the blast.
Hadst thou the gift to tell,
Surely thou'dst speak me well—
Call round—the last crumbs shall not be the last.

ITEMS OF EXPERIENCE.

BY A. M. C.

I LEFT Salt Lake City in the Fall of 1854 to perform a mission in the Eastern States, to which I had been called by the authorities of the Church. I traveled in company with President Taylor and thirty-three other persons, some of whom were missionaries, as far as St. Louis. I then took second class-fare, with a companion-missionary, for New

York, where we were to meet President Taylor, who had already gone to that city.

Arriving at our destination, we went immediately to the post office in the hope of receiving a letter from our president telling us where to find him; this was the plan agreed upon as we separated in St. Louis. But there were no tidings for us. Our combined funds at this time amounted to no more than $3.25, it was therefore useless to think of going to a hotel. Fortunately for us I had some relatives living in Brooklyn, who although poor and somewhat opposed to the gospel, kindly permitted us to remain with them for about a week. We were thus enabled to save our few dimes and prosecute our search for President Taylor.

Day after day passed and still no letter came. We felt the more anxious as we knew that we were burdening our hospitable friends. I applied in vain at several printing offices, for work. Finally in glancing over a newspaper I saw an advertisement for a private coachman. I made application to the agent for the position, and found that the wages were fifteen dollars per month and board. I was about to accept the position, so that I could live without burdening others and also be of assistance to my companion, when the thought struck me to once more visit the post office. I did so and was rewarded by receiving the long-expected letter.

Myself and companion were not very long in finding our president who was exceedingly glad to see us. His anxiety had been very great in regard to us, as he had dropped two letters in the post for us which had remained unclaimed, the reason of which was that he had only directed the same with one initial of our names.

After having a few moments conversation with President Taylor he said, turning towards me, "I have just received a letter from a sister in Hartford, Connecticut, who desires me to visit her, as there is a lady in her neighborhood who is very sick, and who is desirous of seeing an Elder of this Church. Now," he continued, "I cannot leave New York, at present; will you go in my place?" I replied that I would do as he wished. He then told me to go and tell the sick lady in the name of the Lord that she should recover from her affliction if she would obey the gospel. As I was about to leave, the president asked me if my means were sufficient to carry me to my destination. I told him they were not, but that an uncle of mine was captain of a vessel then lying in port and I would go and bid him good-bye; "perhaps," said I, "the Lord will open his heart so that he will give me some money."

I went down to the ship of which my uncle was captain, and told him of my intended departure. "Well boy," said he, (I was at that time only a boy and looked younger than I really was) "how will you live?"

"I put my trust in God. He will provide for me," was my reply.

With tears in his eyes the old sea-captain put his hand into his pocket and, taking therefrom a twenty dollar gold piece, handed it to me with the remark, "Well if God ever gave me a meal of victuals, I don't know it. But here, take this, and if they don't treat you well where you go, come back, to me. As long as I have money you can share it."

Infidel though he was, he had a good heart, and the Lord opened it at my humble request, and the old "tar" not only gave me money but provided me also with wearing apparel for my journey. He then bade me a hearty farewell, and instructed me in regard to the route I should take in going to my field of labor.

I arrived safe and sound in Hartford, and went directly to the home of Sister Miller, the lady who had corresponded with President Taylor, and occasioned my visit. She welcomed me heartily and apparently pitied me on account of my youthful appearance. After the usual greetings, almost the first question was, "Will you speak in the town hall on Sunday next?" I said that I would.

"But," asked Sister Miller, "have you ever spoken in public?"

"No" was my reply, "but I will do the best I can to fill any appointment to preach the gospel."

Preparations were accordingly made for a meeting on the following Sabbath, and I passed through the ordeal of getting ready for the event. I fasted and prayed to the Lord, asking Him to prevent my friends from obtaining the use of the hall if He thought me incapable of representing His cause. But the hall was thrown open to us. I now prayed that God would send someone to my assistance, as it seemed to me that my fear would prevent me from doing justice to His cause. I continued, in the meantime, my fasting, and also studied the scriptures very diligently. To my great joy, however, before Sunday, Elder F——arrived from the adjoining state, and as he was an experienced preacher, I felt relieved. I told him about my prayer, and he informed me that he was visiting his relatives in Massachusetts when an uncontrollable desire took possession of him to go to Hartford, and not until he arrived at that house did he feel satisfied. He could now realize the cause of his great anxiety to reach that city.

Thus did the Lord again give me a direct answer to my humble petition.

(*To be Continued.*)

ORIGIN OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."—The song of "Hail Columbia," adapted in measure to the "President's March," was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, in 1798. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Hopkinson one morning, and said: "To-morrow evening is appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the "President's March," I feel sure of a full house. Several about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done; yet I think you may succeed." Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mr. Fox, who sang them to a harpsicord accompaniment. The tune and words harmonized. The song was soon finished, and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded, the song was sung, the audience was delighted. Eight times it was called for and repeated, and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre, and in a few days was the universal song of the boys in the streets. Such was the origin of our national song, "Hail Columbia."

HAPPINESS is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1883.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

MOST fortunate are we who now live and are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in having the word of the Lord in the Book of Mormon and book of Doctrine and Covenants, as well as in the Bible. Having these three books, the testimony to the truths which they teach becomes very strong. The Bible contains the principles taught by the authority of heaven to the people in the eastern hemisphere. The Book of Mormon contains those taught to the people by the same authority in the western hemisphere. And the book of Doctrine and Covenants contains the revelations of God to the people of the earth in our day.

Though these three books are the records of the Lord's dealings with distinct peoples and raees, each one of them sustains and agrees with the other two. If the people on the eastern and western hemispheres, whose records the Bible and the Book of Mormon are, could have been brought together, they would have been one people in faith, in hope, in church government and organization, and in everything necessary to true spiritual unity.

Let us illustrate this idea.

Suppose that the Jaredites, when they had prophets of the Lord among them, and were living according to their teachings, had been visited by people from the eastern hemisphere, who also had true prophets among them whose teachings they obeyed; would they have disagreed concerning the character of God, or the great, cardinal truths of heaven? Most assuredly not. They, being taught of God, and having His Spirit, would have understood those truths alike.

Suppose again, that a few of the Nephites had succeeded in reaching Jerusalem, a few years after the crucifixion of the Lord, and had attended a meeting of the apostles and saints there; would they have had difficulty in believing what Peter, James or John taught? Certainly not; for the best of all reasons: they had received the Holy Ghost, as the apostles and saints at Jerusalem had. That Spirit teaches nothing but the truth, whether in America or Asia, whether in the year of our Lord 33, or in the year of our Lord 1883.

If, therefore, some of the Nephites and the Jewish saints were to visit the Saints who are now living, and see their ordinances administered and hear their teachings, they would recognize them instantly as the same ordinances and the same doctrines which they had obeyed when they were in the flesh at Jerusalem or at the land Bountiful. There would be no difference.

Let us take an example from our own times. Elders have gone to various lands and to various peoples to preach the gospel. Though speaking different languages, those who embrace the truth and gather to Zion, drop into their places and mingle with the people as though they had been taught together for years. The more they have of the Spirit of God, the more they appear to be of one faith and one heart and mind with those already gathered.

The church of Christ, therefore, among the Jews at Jerusalem, among the Nephites in South America, and among the people who now live, is the same church in every minute particular. The organization is alike, the officers are alike, the ordinances are alike and the doctrines are alike. The truths of God are eternal. They do not wear out or become changed by the lapse of time. Whatever it required to save a man in the kingdom of God 1850 years ago, it requires to-day. Those who will be so fortunate as to get into the presence of God and the Lamb, will not reach there by means of faiths and ordinances differing one from the other.

One apostle or prophet cannot say: "I did not believe in the atonement of the Son of God when I was in the flesh, and yet, you see, I am here among the redeemed."

Another cannot say: "I did not believe in the ordinances of baptism in water for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and yet the Lord has admitted me into His presence."

Another eannot say: "When I was on the earth I did not have revelation from God or any of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, for I did not believe He would bestow these upon men in my day; yet he has permitted me to enter His glory with you."

Another cannot say: "You, old prophets and apostles, were very unfortunate to be persecuted and killed as you were. It was not necessary, Why did you offend the people by finding fault with their doctrines and modes of worship? I never made them angry about these matters. I advocated doctrines which were popular. I sought the favor and applause of men; and I am just as well off now as you are."

If such persons as these were there it would not be heaven. There would be strife and contention, just as there is here on earth. Each would say his doctrines and his methods were the best.

But the redeemed who will dwell in the presence of God and the Lamb will be of one heart and of one mind. They will be those who have obeyed every law and ordinance of God, which he has given for man's salvation, and entire harmony will prevail.

ONE of the great advantages in having these three records is, that from them we can gather truthful ideas concerning God and godliness.

Many people who call themselves religious do not know what to believe about God. Some ministers say there is no personal God; and some say there is no personal devil. Some go so far as to say there is no heaven and no hell; that man is not the offspring of God; that he did not fall into sin; and that there was no need of an atonement or a Savior.

When their ministers teach such ideas the people become very unsettled in their minds. They do not know what to think. If they turn to the Bible they do not know what part is true and what is not; for they have been taught that it does not always mean what it says. Thus they are in a terrible dilemma. But how different it is with us! We know by the testimonies of three records, written by various peoples, in various lands under different circumstances respecting all these points. They are the Bible, the record of the Jaredites and the record of the Nephites. Besides these we have the revelations of God in our own day.

They teach us the character of God. We know that He has a body; that Jesus was in His express image. We also know that an angel of God, who was in authority in the presence of God, rebelled against the Son, and was thrust down from the presence of God and the Son, and was called perdition; he was Lucifer, Satan or the devil. Upon this God's word is positive in all these records: also respecting heaven and hell, the fall of man and the atonement of the Savior, and the ordinances of salvation and the doctrines of the gospel. But, best of all, there is the testimony of the Holy Ghost, which men, and women, and children receive who obey these doctrines and ordinances. That is a sure witness, and it confirms the teachings of all these records. So that everyone who receives this has within him a testimony which is from God, and which delivers him from doubt and gives him certainty. In this way every person may know for himself by the revelations of the Lord to him, that these principles are true. Even children can have this knowledge.

THE REFORMERS.

CONTEMPORARY with Huss in the same country lived a man who now holds an honorable place among the pioneers of the Reformation. He advanced no new ideas or doctrines nor did he establish any sect, but his fame was obtained through his great friendship for Huss, for whom he diligently labored and for whose principles he suffered death. This man was

JEROME OF PRAGUE,

the surname being given him after his native city. The exact date of his birth is not known, but it occurred sometime between the years 1360 and 1370. His parents were doubtless in comfortable if not affluent circumstances, for he was early sent to the university of Prague, and after completing his studies there, went to Paris, Heidelberg and Cologne. In the first-named place he graduated as master of arts. He also spent some time in Oxford attending the university where he became acquainted with the doctrines of Wickliffe, of which he became a zealous promulgator on his return home. He reached Prague from his journeyings in the year 1407 and immediately joined with Huss in his denunciation of clerical abuses. This brought him into dispute with the clergy, but did not injure him materially in the minds of the masses. His reputation for learning, sagacity and energy became so great that his advice was solicited by the king of Poland in regard to the founding of an important university, and the king of Hungary invited him to deliver a discourse in his presence. Jerome sojourned in Hungary for some time and by his eloquence and zeal soon won many admirers and friends; but his teachings soon caused him to be suspected of Wickliffite heresies, and he was compelled to flee into Austria in order to escape from the hands of his enemies. Arriving in Vienna, he was seized and thrown into prison, but his release was soon effected through the influence of his friends.

All these events instead of causing Jerome to relinquish his belief and ideas only strengthened him in his determination to oppose the pontifical power. We next find him in his native city united again with Huss in declaiming against the wrongs which were then being committed under the garb of religion, and even after the departure of his friend to attend the council before which he had been called to trial, Jerome remained in Prague and defended himself against the attacks of the clergy. As he heard, however, of the injustice to which Huss was subjected he went of his own accord to Constance in the hope of being able to stem the tide of prejudice then existing towards the Reformation. His efforts proving fruitless and the news that he received in regard to the cause in which he was engaged so discouraged him that he set out on his return home. Although unprovided with the "safe-conduct" of the king, he would, doubtless, have reached his destination in safety, had he not acted very imprudently. It was while resting at Hirschau on his homeward journey that he allowed his feelings to gain the mastery over him, and in the presence of the clergy he denounced in violent language the great injustice of the pope in allowing Huss to be imprisoned and tried by his avowed enemies. The result of this passionate outbreak was the arrest of Jerome and his return to Constance where he was manacled and confined in a dismal dungeon. These events occurred in April and May, 1415.

Incarcerated in a lonely cell for several months, Jerome had time for reflection, and his ardor was thereby cooled, for as he was brought before the council, September 23d, 1415. He made a full retraction of all errors against the Catholic faith, and especially those of Wickliffe and Huss. This did not, however, satisfy his opposers, who were thirsting for his blood, and new articles were prepared for his approval. Three times was he brought into court, new questions being propounded to him each time. Finally on the last occasion, all timidity seems to have left him. In bold and vigorous language he solemnly recalled the words which had been wrung from his lips eight months previous. He said, "Of all the sins that I have committed since my youth, none weigh so heavily on my mind and cause me such keen remorse as that which I committed in this evil place when I approved of the iniquitous sentence given against Wickliffe, and against the holy martyr John Huss, my master and friend." These remarks sealed the doom of the prisoner. Four days thereafter his sentence was pronounced, his only reply to the same being an appeal to the Supreme Judge before whom both he and his accusers must one day stand. Two days were allowed him in which to make his peace with God, and he was then led to the stake; the fagots were piled around him, and he commanded the executioner to apply the torch before his eyes, he remarking, "If I were afraid, I would not be here." His ashes, like those of his companion martyr, were carefully gathered and sprinkled on the waters of the Rhine.

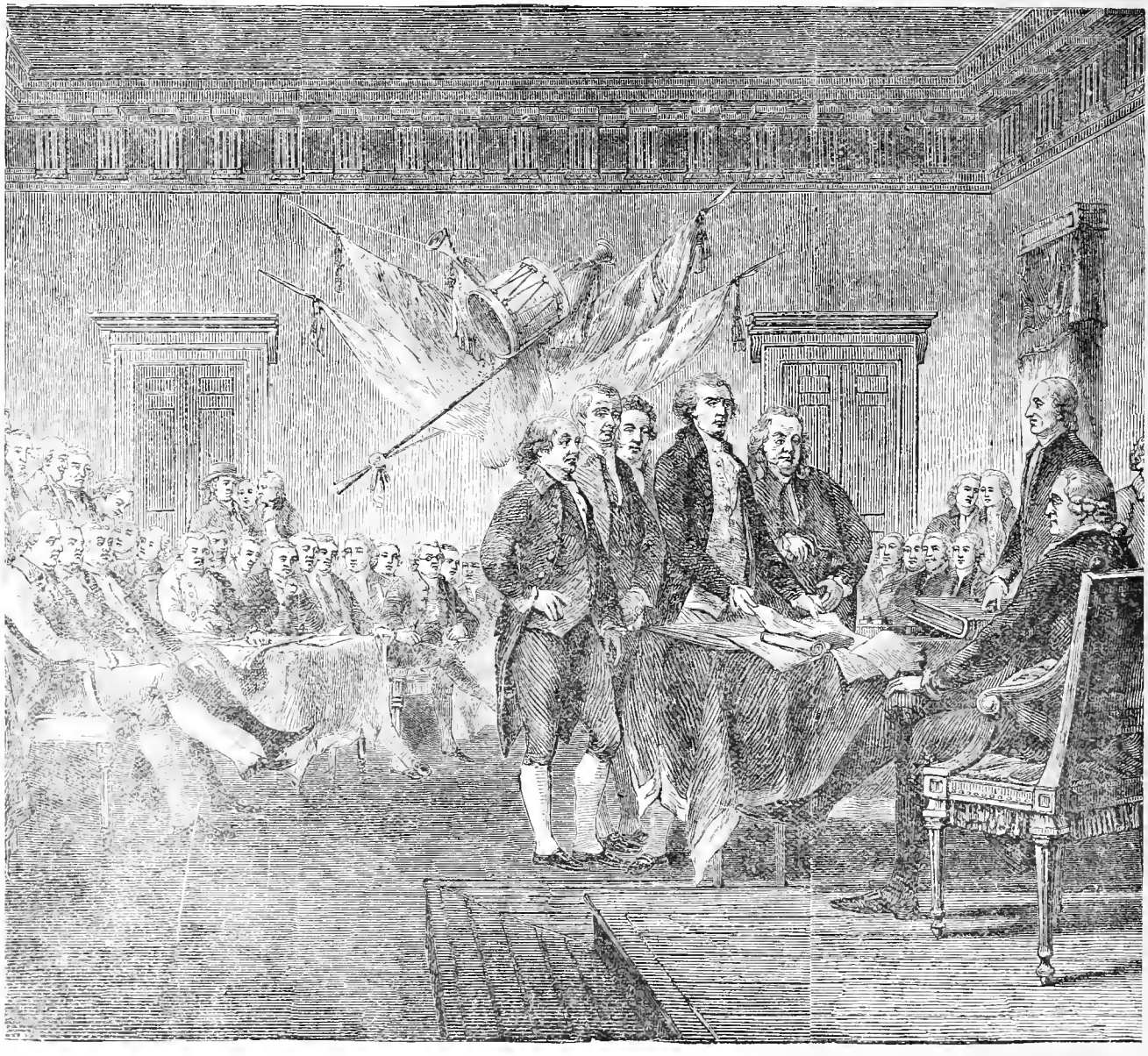
Jerome of Prague can lay no claim to originality. He was an ardent admirer of Huss, a thorough believer in the doctrines advanced by Wickliffe, and a violent opposer to the unjust claims of the church of Rome. Although his mind was variously accomplished, and his knowledge was extensive, he lacked moral weight—a characteristic so essential to a leader. He was bold even to rashness, but his temper was by no means even, and often when brought to the test, he was found lacking in bravery. He was not as merciful towards those whom he had in his power and who entertained views different to his own, as he should have been, for when his influence with the monarchs gave him power, he imprisoned the monks, and even ordered one of them thrown into the Moldau river. Yet, notwithstanding these faults, his influence was such as to be felt for good, and his tragic end at once places him in the list of the martyrs of the Reformation.

ANNIHILATE not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE assemblage of men who adopted and signed the Declaration of Independence is universally conceded to have been one of the greatest congregations of intellect and patriotism which the world has ever seen. A review of their lives convinces us that there were indeed "giants in those days"—giants of morality and intelligence. It was requisite that they should have these qualities in the highest degree, for they were arraigning themselves, and the cause which they represented against the mighty power of Great Britain. And it is a fact that only those men who are conscious of their own purity of motive and rectitude of action, dare place themselves openly in defiance of a vast majority—especially where the results must, in all human probability, prove disastrous to their personal interests and may even cost their lives. The children of the Latter-day Saints ought particularly to realize this; for their fathers have braved public opinion and at the cost of life and property have pursued their holy object with no less fidelity than was shown by the men of '76, and in the face of a persecution no less vindictive than that endured by the fathers of the revolution.

The signers of the Declaration were nearly all natives of the soil. Only eight were of what might be termed foreign birth; but among these exceptions to the rule of birthplace are the honored names of Wilson and Witherspoon, two of the most staunch and accomplished adherents of the cause; and also that of Morris, who, excepting Washington, more than any other one man is to be accredited with the success of American arms in the final struggle. The majority of them were in affluent circumstances; so they are far removed from the aspersion of selfishness. Most of them were men of education, followers of the professions, while the others were possessed naturally of a great intellectual force. So it is always. No great revolution in government can be successful unless the body of the "rebels" is led by an intelligent head. As to locality of representation they must be indiscriminately divided. They were chosen not for their residence but for their



worth. Patriotism and ability were the sole tests. Age had but little weight, apparently, for the venerable Franklin at seventy years was there side by side with the ardent Rutledge, who was between twenty-five and thirty. Their average age at the date of signing was forty-three years. "Old men for council; young men for war," says the proverb. In this assemblage was gathered a happy union of both classes. To this fortunate combination we may ascribe the combined wisdom and ardor which characterized their deliberations.

The "signers" made their master stroke before the country at a critical time. The colonies were already embroiled in a death struggle; and that warfare seemed likely to continue indefinitely until victory was achieved or death or slavery accepted. The men who made our Charter of Liberty lived through that time of struggle. They saw the republic established in peace after years of war; and most of them lived to see the perfect fruition of their loyal hopes in the wonderful growth of the nation. The average duration of life of these noble men was more than sixty-eight years. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, one of the bravest and best, was the last and oldest survivor. He died at the age of ninety-five—on the 14th day of November, 1832—full of years and honors.

Our illustration shows this august congregation of the representatives of the colonies in council, while they are in the act of receiving the Declaration from the hands of the Committee of statesmen who had prepared it. This was the most important moment in American history. The brief time occupied in accepting this "Bill of Rights" spans the wide gulf which exists between serfs and freemen, between a tributary region and a great and independent nation. The immediate mission of these men was fulfilled when they saw the republic firmly established; but they and their works did not and will not die; for they furnish to all the youth of America a bright, eternal record for emulation. The signers of the Declaration gave all they had to the cause of human freedom. They reaped from this sowing not only freedom, but the grateful tribute of all the generations which succeed them. They were inspired. And as the inevitable result, the work which they accomplished has become far greater than themselves.

The names of these noble men are John Hancock, Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry, Stephen Hopkins, William Ellery, Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington, William Williams, Oliver Wolcott, William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis, Lewis Morris, Richard Stockton, John Witherspoon, Francis Hopkinson, John Hart, Abraham Clark, Robert Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, John Morton, George Clymer, James Smith, George Taylor, James Wilson, George Ross, Cæsar Rodney, George Read, Thomas M'Kean, Samuel Chase, William Pace, Thomas Stone, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Jun., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton, William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn, Edward Rutledge, Thomas Heyward, Jun., Thomas Lynch, Jun., Arthur Middleton, Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall and George Walton.

All conditions are full of complaints, from him that trudges on his clouted shoe, to him who can scarce mention the manners or the fortunes of the multitude without some expressions of contumely and disdain.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(*Continued from page 35.*)

On Friday, the 11th of September, the mob steadily but cautiously advanced towards the city, taking great care to select the places of marching, as they were afraid of secret mines. Their cannon loaded with grape and canister were fired at the companies of volunteers who were endeavoring to check their advance. They fired three rounds at Esquire Wells' house, where his family was at the time. One of the shot tore up some brick at his well; another struck near his barn, and the third passed over his house, just missing a young man who was sitting there watching their movements. William Gheen and his party, who had charge of a cannon, succeeded in checking their advance somewhat, and though the mob made several attempts to outflank the volunteers they were unsuccessful. The missiles which were fired from Captain Gheen's cannon, as well as the others, consisted principally of old irons and bar lead, cut and put into small sacks. At one or two points the mob forces were repulsed and driven back. Several families, some of whose members were sick, living in the east part of the city of Nauvoo, had to vacate their premises hastily, for the mob cannon balls passed their doors and struck in their lots. They fled and left everything in their houses. In the evening, after the firing had ceased, they returned with teams to their dwellings, and removed their clothes, etc.; but their furniture was mostly left.

On Saturday, the 12th, a flag of truce was brought into the city with the following communication:

"*To the Commander of the Mormon forces in Nauvoo:*

"Sir—The forces under my command, assembled as a posse comitatus, now encamped within half a mile of your city, are determined to enter the same by force unless a surrender be immediately made.

"From motives of humanity I am prompted to give you an opportunity to save the destruction of life and property.

"You can surrender on the following terms:

"1st—Deliver up your arms to our charge, to be returned as soon as your people shall have left the State.

"2nd—The army under my command to enter the city without molestation—for the purpose of making arrests, the men having pledged themselves to me individually and severally, not to destroy life or property unless under my command; and I pledge myself to you that, if you surrender, no property shall be destroyed or life taken, unless absolutely necessary in self-defense.

"If you see proper to surrender, you can signify the same by nine o'clock this morning, if not, the consequences be upon your own head.

"Thos. S. Brockman,
Commander-in-chief of posse assembled by
John Carlin, Hancock Co., Ills."

To which the following reply was made and sent back in about two hours:

"Head Quarters, Ills. Vol. Camp,
Nauvoo, Sept. 12th, 9:30 a. m.

"To T. S. Brockman,
Com. of Forces near this place:

"Sir—Your communication of the 12th inst., sent in my camp this moment under flag of truce, is before me; and after due deliberation I reply; inasmuch as there is no commander here of Mormon forces, I take the liberty to answer your letter.

"I am commissioned by the governor and commander-in-chief of the Illinois Militia to disperse your forces in the name of the people of Illinois.

"Your proposition, directed to the commander of the Mormons, can not be complied with. While I deprecate the shedding of blood, even in upholding the laws of our state, I am determined to carry out the instructions of the executive of the state of Illinois. So far I have acted on the defensive, and for the sake of humanity, if for no other purpose, I hope you will at once see the propriety and justice of dispersing your forces. The armed force under your command is not necessary for any lawful purpose in this city or county.

"There are a number of highly respectable gentlemen in this city from abroad, who are desirous that there should be no bloodshed. Among them, I would name the Hon. John Woods, mayor of the city of Quincy, and J. P. Eddy, Esq., merchant of St. Louis, Mo. They will be the bearers of this communication.

"Any proposition which you may be pleased to make, tending to avoid the taking of life, will be considered.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient. servant.
BENJAMIN CLIFFORD, JR.
Major Com. Ills. Militia."

The citizens of Nauvoo had remained during the night at the points most likely to be attacked, and had occupied the time in erecting breastworks. Major Clifford occupied Beach's tavern as his head quarters; and Colonel Johnson, who commanded in the field, being sick, the command in the field devolved upon Lieut.-Col. Wm. E. Cutler, with Daniel H. Wells as his aid. After the mob received Clifford's reply, they commenced the attack with a good deal of vigor; and cannonading and firing on both sides were very brisk. Captain Anderson of the "Spartan Band," who had displayed great bravery throughout the entire fight, was shot in the breast by a musket ball. He lived fifteen minutes, and his last words were those of encouragement to his men. He exclaimed as he was hit, "I am wounded: take my gun and shoot on." His son Augustus L. Anderson was struck by a cannon ball, which hit him in the side and broke his arm. He lived only a few moments. He was aged fourteen years, and was the first person shot while fighting, as he previously remarked he would do, for his mother. The command of the "Spartan Band," after the death of Captain Anderson, devolved upon Captains Alexander McRae and Almon L. Fullmer. Hiram Kimball was slightly wounded in the head by a splinter. David Norris was killed by a cannon ball, which passed through his shoulder, Benjamin Whitehead was shot in the leg, and John C. Cambell in the foot. Curtis E. Bolton was also hit by a bullet, which, however, did not penetrate the flesh. Some of the mob were killed and wounded and they were compelled to retreat. The Warsaw *Signal*, a bitter mobocratic sheet, said that their reason for retreating was their cannon balls were exhausted, and their commander deemed it imprudent to risk any further advance without these, and ordered the men to be drawn off; but, if their cannon balls had held out ten minutes longer, they believed they would have taken the city. They stated that they had about five hundred men and four pieces of artillery engaged in the action; and they thought there was not on record an instance of a longer continued militia fight than occurred on that day. The *Signal* gave the "Mormons" the credit of having stood their ground manfully. Considering how few there were to defend Nauvoo, and the character of the artillery which they had manufactured, the defense was very remarkable. The success which attended the efforts of the citizens to repulse the enemy was due to their bravery and the energy and zeal of their commanders, as well as to the fear which the mob had of the "Mormons." It has always been the case, in every difficulty in which the Latter-day Saints have been involved from the commencement until the present, that a fear of them has rested upon their enemies. Though few in number, the Lord has made them terrible in the eyes of those who have sought their overthrow.

(*To be Continued.*)

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

BY J. H. H.

(*Continued from page 53.*)

ON the 6th of Nov., 1851, I was notified of my appointment to take charge of a small branch of the Church in Havre. John Hyde, Jun., was the only prominent Elder in Jersey Island at that time, and he had been expecting this appointment, and had called on me to help him to raise means for clothing, etc., so that he might be prepared. When I announced my appointment to him, he pulled his hair savagely, paced wildly up and down his room, and did not attempt to conceal his disappointment. He finally subsided with the following, soliloquy: "They will have to place me in charge of this conference. It will sound well, John Hyde, Jun., president of the Channel Islands conference. Yes, it would sound very well!" The young man failed, however, to realize his ambition, although he did a vast amount of wire pulling in order to obtain it. He failed to learn this lesson and to realize the sublime sentiments written by the Prophet Joseph Smith while in Liberty jail: "That the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness. That they may be conferred upon us, is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, our vain ambitions, or to exercise control, or dominion, or compulsion, upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, amen to the Priesthood or authority of that man. Behold! ere he is aware, he is left unto himself, to kick against the pricks; to persecute the Saints, and to fight against God."

The means that had been raised for the Elder who should be appointed to preside at Havre being still intact were given to the writer who embarked on a small fishing boat and arrived on the French coast after a pleasant sail of three and a half hours. I landed at a village named Port Cail, where I took the stage to Caen, from thence by steam-boat to Havre, being two days on the way. On the following Sunday I preached twice, and baptized Marie Gould, and confirmed her a member of the Church. I soon afterwards baptized two other persons. The brethren of the branch were a great help to me, and all the Saints were kind and generous, doing all in their power for my comfort during the few weeks I remained with them.

On the 2nd December the following proclamation was on every public wall: "To the inhabitants of Havre! The

peace of France has been menaced by the Assembly. It has been dissolved. The president of the Republic will make an appeal to the nation. He submits loyally to the people of the nation the right to decide on his action. The population of Paris has received this indispensable event with enthusiasm. The government will give you all the power necessary to preserve order." It was soon learned that the president, Louis Napoleon, had in this Coup d'Etat imprisoned two hundred representatives.

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"It is truth which you have received; keep it sacred, treasure it up in your hearts and live by it, that you may be saved with the people of God. If you walk uprightly and righteously the things of God shall be made known to you by dreams and by visions and you shall rejoice exceedingly in the things of God. Avoid all jealousy, and do all you can to build up the kingdom of God. Never seek for your own honor and glory, but seek the honor and glory of God. If you seek only your own honor you will lose it, and the glory of God also. Attend unto these things and God will bless you, and I bless you, now, in the name of Jesus Christ, amen."

(*To be Continued.*)

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

ABOUT the year 1776, a circumstance occurred which deserves to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England with the aborigines, the Mohegan tribes of Indians early became friends of the English. Their favorite ground was on the bank of the river (now the Thames), between New London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohegans still exists, and they are scarcely protected in the possession and enjoyment of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames. The government of this tribe had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals, whose skins were valuable for their fur. Among these hunters was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family who stood between Zachary and the throne of his tribe, died, and he found himself with only one life between him and the empire. In this moment his better genius resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously, "How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be the chief of this honorable race? What will my people say? and

"I am commissioned by the governor and commander-in-chief of the Illinois Militia to disperse your forces in the name of the people of Illinois.

"Your proposition, directed to the commander of the Mormons, can not be complied with. While I deprecate the shedding of blood, even in upholding the laws of our state, I am determined to carry out the instructions of the executive of the state of Illinois. So far I have acted on the defensive, and for the sake of humanity, if for no other purpose, I hope you will at once see the propriety and justice of dispersing your forces. The armed force under your command is not necessary for any lawful purpose in this city or county.

"There are a number of highly respectable gentlemen in this city from abroad, who are desirous that there should be no bloodshed. Among them, I would name the Hon. John Woods, mayor of the city of Quincy, and J. P. Eddy, Esq., merchant of St. Louis, Mo. They will be the bearers of this communication.

"Any proposition which you may be pleased to make, tending to avoid the taking of life, will be considered.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient. servant.
BENJAMIN CLIFFORD, JR.
Major Com. Ills. Militia."

The citizens of Nauvoo had remained during the night at the points most likely to be attacked, and had occupied the time in erecting breastworks. Major Clifford occupied Beach's tavern as his head quarters; and Colonel Johnson, who commanded in the field, being sick, the command in the field devolved upon Lieut.-Col. Wm. E. Cutler, with Daniel H. Wells as his aid. After the mob received Clifford's reply, they commenced the attack with a good deal of vigor; and cannonading and firing on both sides were very brisk. Captain Anderson of the "Spartan Band," who had displayed great bravery throughout the entire fight, was shot in the breast by a musket ball. He lived fifteen minutes, and his last words were those of encouragement to his men. He exclaimed as he was hit, "I am wounded; take my gun and shoot on." His son Augustus L. Anderson was struck by a cannon ball, which hit him in the side and broke his arm. He lived only a few moments. He was aged fourteen years, and was the first person shot while fighting, as he previously remarked he would do, for his mother. The command of the "Spartan Band," after the death of Captain Anderson, devolved upon Captains Alexander McRae and Almon L. Fullmer. Hiram Kimball was slightly wounded in the head by a splinter. David Norris was killed by a cannon ball, which passed through his shoulder, Benjamin Whitehead was shot in the leg, and John C. Cambell in the foot. Curtis E. Bolton was also hit by a bullet, which, however, did not penetrate the flesh. Some of the mob were killed and wounded and they were compelled to retreat. The Warsaw *Signal*, a bitter mobocratic sheet, said that their reason for retreating was their cannon balls were exhausted, and their commander deemed it imprudent to risk any further advance without these, and ordered the men to be drawn off; but, if their cannon balls had held out ten minutes longer, they believed they would have taken the city. They stated that they had about five hundred men and four pieces of artillery engaged in the action; and they thought there was not on record an instance of a longer continued militia fight than occurred on that day. The *Signal* gave the "Mormons" the credit of having stood their ground manfully. Considering how few there were to defend Nauvoo, and the character of the artillery which they had manufactured, the defense was very remarkable. The success which attended the efforts of the citizens to repulse the enemy was due to their bravery and the energy and zeal of their commanders, as well as to the fear which the mob had of the "Mormons." It has always been the case, in every difficulty in which the Latter-day Saints have been involved from the commencement until the present, that a fear of them has rested upon their enemies. Though few in number, the Lord has made them terrible in the eyes of those who have sought their overthrow.

(*To be Continued.*)

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

BY J. H. H.

(*Continued from page 53.*)

ON the 6th of Nov., 1851, I was notified of my appointment to take charge of a small branch of the Church in Havre. John Hyde, Jun., was the only prominent Elder in Jersey Island at that time, and he had been expecting this appointment, and had called on me to help him to raise means for clothing, etc., so that he might be prepared. When I announced my appointment to him, he pulled his hair savagely, paced wildly up and down his room, and did not attempt to conceal his disappointment. He finally subsided with the following, soliloquy: "They will have to place me in charge of this conference. It will sound well, John Hyde, Jun., president of the Channel Islands conference. Yes, it would sound very well!" The young man failed, however, to realize his ambition, although he did a vast amount of wire pulling in order to obtain it. He failed to learn this lesson and to realize the sublime sentiments written by the Prophet Joseph Smith while in Liberty jail: "That the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness. That they may be conferred upon us, is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, our vain ambitions, or to exercise control, or dominion, or compulsion, upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, amen to the Priesthood or authority of that man. Behold! ere he is aware, he is left unto himself, to kick against the pricks; to persecute the Saints, and to fight against God."

The means that had been raised for the Elder who should be appointed to preside at Havre being still intact were given to the writer who embarked on a small fishing boat and arrived on the French coast after a pleasant sail of three and a half hours. I landed at a village named Port Cail, where I took the stage to Caen, from thence by steam-boat to Havre, being two days on the way. On the following Sunday I preached twice, and baptized Marie Gould, and confirmed her a member of the Church. I soon afterwards baptized two other persons. The brethren of the branch were a great help to me, and all the Saints were kind and generous, doing all in their power for my comfort during the few weeks I remained with them.

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how will the shades of my noble ancestors look down indignant upon such a base successor? Can I succeed the great Uncas? I will drink no more!" He solemnly resolved never again to taste any drink but water, and he kept his resolution.

I had heard this story, and did not entirely believe it; for young as I was, I already partook of the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capital. My father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me, to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief—"Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?" The old man dropped his knife and fork—leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression; his black eye, sparkling with indignation, was fixed on me. "John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know that I am an Indian? I tell you that I am, and that, if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to rum, and became again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt any man to break a good resolution." Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunder-struck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me and at the venerable old Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to myself his inestimable lesson. *Selected.*

THE EVE OF REVOLUTION.

BY J. H. W.

"Freedom, thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee.
They could not quench the light thou hast from heaven."

WHO has failed to observe on a calm summer day the elements of a storm collecting silently, imperceptibly, gradually, until the whole heavens grew dark, and the light of the sun was hid? The calm was changed into a tempest, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the clouds piled up thicker and heavier until at length the storm burst, the rain fell in torrents deluging the earth and in some cases uprooting the plants it was designed to nourish and strengthen.

So, too, in the political world the forces gather gradually, until they have attained sufficient power, and then burst upon the affrighted nations in all the tumult of a terrible revolution.

There are few intelligent people in this age but what have a general idea of the history of the world; yet how comparatively few are there who realize the fact, that in the seventy-five years which elapsed between 1775 and 1850 the great majority of civilized nations passed through a great social and political change. Among the nations so affected may be mentioned the United States, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Belgium, Poland, Hungary, Turkey, Mexico, Central America and nearly all the South American states. To this may be added the great commotions in Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland and the states of the German empire caused by the wars of Napoleon. In England, Ireland and Canada, wars were only averted by civil reforms and concessions to popular rights.

For Europe this epoch was the result of the struggles of generations. At the close of the seven years' war in 1763 the representatives of even the Catholic powers admitted the decay of old institutions. The Catholic monarchies headed by the pope, in their struggle against Protestantism and free thought had encountered defeat. From this great struggle came forth a principle of all-pervading energy. The life-giving truth of the Reformation was the right of private judgment. The world was rising up against superstition; the oppression of industry was passing away. The use of reason was no longer considered a crime, but was on the other hand, considered a duty. Ideas of the brotherhood of man were flashing across the minds of leading men.

At this juncture a remarkable political writer made his appearance, From the discipleship of Calvin, from the republic of Geneva, from the abodes of poverty, Jean Jacques Rosseau came as the advocate of the poor and the oppressed. Through him the "sons of toil" breathed out their wrongs, and a new class gained a voice in the world of published thought. Though full of weaknesses and jealousies and betrayed by poverty into shameful deeds, he possessed a deep and real feeling for humanity. In an age of skepticism he solaced the ills of life by trust in God. Fearlessly questioning all the grandeurs of the world, he breathed the spirit of revolution into words of flame. What though the church of Rome cursed his writings with her ban; and parliaments burned them at the gibbet by the hangman's hand! What though France drove him from her soil, and the republic of his birth disowned her son! What though the wise and noble hooted at his wildness! Yet from the woes of the world in which he had suffered, from the wrongs of the down-trodden which he had shared, he derived an eloquence that went to the heart of the masses of Europe. Beyond most men of his time he saw the hand of Providence in the history of men.

"Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm and rides upon the wind."

Institutions may crumble and governments fall, but it is only that they may renew a better youth; the petals of the flower wither that fruit may form. On the banks of the stream of time not a great deed has been done by a hero, or monument raised by a nation, but tells the story of human progress. Each people that has disappeared, every great institution that has passed away, has been but a step in the ladder by which humanity ascends to a higher plane. The generations that handed the truth, from rank to rank down the ages, have themselves become dust; but the light still increases its ever-burning flame. From the intelligence that had been slowly ripening sprang the American revolution. While Rosseau was putting his burning thoughts in print, and Voltaire, the prince of scoffers, was hurling his venomed

shafts of sarcasm at the priesthood of the Roman church; farther north was the little country, Holland, which had already gained a large share of civil and religious liberty. Here thought ranged through the wide domain of speculative reason; here the literary fugitive found an asylum, and the boldest writings, which in other countries were circulated by stealth, were openly published to the world.

While the learned and thoughtful men of Europe were thinking, the pioneers of America were acting. Nothing could restrain them from peopling the wilderness. To be a land-owner was the ruling passion of the New England man. In general, marriages were early and very fruitful. The sons, as they grew up skilled in the use of the ax and the rifle, would, one after another, move from the old homestead; and, with a wife, a yoke of oxen, a cow and a few necessary implements, build a small hut in the forest and by dint of industry soon win for themselves plenty and independence. The beautiful lines of Albert B. Street well describe the circumstances as well as the character of the men who founded American institutions and moulded the national character:

"His echoing ax the settler swung
  Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering down were flung
  The Titans of the wood.
Loud shrieked the eagle as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
  With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight leaping flashed
  On the wolf's haunt below.

"Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
  Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form the garb, the wild-wood game
  Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warmed that frame disdained
The tinsel gaud and glare, that reigned
  Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur untrimmed, unstained,
  This forest tamer decked.

"His roof adorned a pleasant spot,
  'Mid the black logs, green glowed the grain,
And fruits and plants the woods knew not
  Bloomed in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The lowing herds—the tinkling bell,
  All made a landscape strange.
Which was the living chronicle
  Of deeds that wrought the change.

"Humble the lot, yet his the race,
  When liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in conflict's deadliest place
  To fight—to bleed—to die;
Who cumbered Bunker's hight of red,
By hope through weary years were led
  And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a nations banner spread—
  A nation's freedom won."

A century and a half had now passed since the first colony had been planted on American soil. The colonists were fast ripening into fitness for independence. They had increased with marvelous rapidity. Europe never ceased to send forth her needy thousands. America opened wide her hospitable doors and gave assurance of liberty and comfort to all who came. The thirteen colonies now contained a population of about three millions.

Up to the year 1761, the Americans cherished a deep reverence and affection for the mother country. They were proud to be considered British subjects, and of the lofty place England held among the nations of the earth. They gloried in the splendor of her military achievements. They copied her manners and her fashions. Her language, laws and literature were as fondly cherished by the colonists as by the English themselves.

Why was it then that such a marvelous change should take place in the minds of the American people, during the next twelve years? In 1764 the colonists loved England as their mother country. In 1776 they had learned to despise her authority. They bound themselves, by solemn oaths, to use no article of English manufacture. They publicly burned the Acts of the English Parliament. They even killed the king's soldiers and cast from them forever his authority. By what terrible magic was this change wrought so swiftly; that three millions of people should be taught to abhor the country they once loved?

To answer this question rightly we must remember that the cause of the colonists was one of popular rights against royal prerogative, that the best and wisest men in England were in favor of the colonists; that even William Pitt (the greatest statesman England had ever seen) declared openly in Parliament, "I rejoice that America has resisted."

We must also bear in mind that for many years England had governed her American colonies harshly; and in a spirit of undisguised selfishness, America was ruled not for her own good but for the good of English commerce. The colonists were not allowed to export their products except to England. No foreign ships were permitted to enter colonial ports. Whatever were the exorbitant demands of English manufacturers or merchants, still the colonists were not permitted to buy at a cheaper market. Still more, certain goods, wollen for example, were not allowed to be sent from one colony to another. The manufacture of hats was forbidden, and even the Bible was not allowed to be printed in America.

The colonists had long borne the cost of their own government and defense. But in that age of profuse expenditure on useless wars, the king and nobility of England thought to gather from America's toiling sons the means to pay for their own misrule. The Parliament of England passed a law to tax America. The colonists replied they were willing to vote what monies the king required of them; but they vehemently denied the right of any assembly, in which they were not represented, to take from them any portion of their property. Another law was also passed requiring a royal stamp to be placed on every legal document. Benjamin Franklin had been sent to England by the colonists. He went to plead their cause before the British government. He told them plainly that the colonists could not submit to such taxation. The act was to come in force on the first of November, 1763. On that day the church bells were tolled, and the people wore the aspect of those on whom some heavy calamity had fallen. Not one of the stamps was ever sold in America. Without stamps mercantile transactions ceased to be binding, notes were not legal, marriages were null. Yet the business of life went on. Men married; they bought; they sold—illegally, because without stamps; but no harm came of it.

England heard with amazement that America refused to obey the law. The great statesman, Pitt, denounced the act, and, at length, it was repealed. The repeal of the stamp act only delayed for a little the fast-coming crisis.

It was during this agitation that the colonists first felt the need of a commercial and political union. The idea of a general congress of the states was suggested, which soon afterwards met in the city of New York.

(To be Continued.)

HARK LISTEN TO THE TRUMPETERS!

Music by L. D. Edwards.

March movement.

It sets my heart all in a flame
A soldier brave to be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
We want no cowards in our bands,
Who will our colors fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear!
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.
They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb—
His garments stained in His own blood—
King Jesus is His name.

The trumpets sound, the armies shout—
They drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God t' adore—
The great Emanuel.

Sinners enlist with Jesus Christ,
Th' eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Zion's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

There on a green and flowery mount,
Where fruits immortal grow,
With angels all arrayed in white,
We'll our Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore
In that eternal world,
While Satan and his army too
Shall down to hell be hurled.

Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh:
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth and sky.
In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire:
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heavenly choir.

The answer to the Charade published in No. 3, is Light-House. We have received correct solutions from Lovina E. Brewer, William Richins, Hennefer; Mary Helen Holt, South Jordan; J. W. Brown, Kanarra; Wm. L. Walters, Wellsville; David Needham, Jun., St. George; Willard Sorenson, Mendon; Fannie E. R. Chapman, Johnson Springs; Thos. D. Brown, Harrisville; E. K. Hawkins, Benjamin; Stephen A. White, Willard; Frank W. Merrill, Albert J. Curtis, Logan; Martha J. Haslam, Amelia T. Cannon, Maggie E. Harmon, Salt Lake City.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day nor by night, in journeying nor in retirement.